

Play

People sit on actual furniture
and walk about saying things
they must to get the plot on,

affirm their character in
friction with the others.

Can be delightful, and when
the curtain plummets, it's
up again to the brash-lit bows

preceded by stylish sweeps
in phalanx. Or the younger,

running. Then, the principals we
should love more, and frequently
do. Oh they can deaden themselves

from repetition. From exhaling
verve into turkeys. From being

sick and sticking to it. Like
O'Neill's father doing
Count of Monte Crisco
skayty-eight times.

But their souls not sucked out
as other American lives.